

## Home Reading.

(FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.)

## My Sweetheart.

Fair and pure,  
Pure and fair;  
Eyes like the heavens,  
Like sunshine your hair.

Sweet and pure,  
Pure and sweet;  
Hands like pink rose leaves,  
Like lilacs your feet.

True and pure,  
Pure and true;  
No other lady love  
Constant as you.

Lily! Rose!  
Purist pearl;  
Eve's fairest daughter,  
My own baby girl.

-V. B. H.

## A Body in the Whirlpool.

Mr. Cyrus Cobb, the artist, of Boston, was witness to the terrible sight of a human victim of Niagara tossed in the coils of the dreadful whirlpool of the rapids below the Falls, where Webb lost his life. Mr. Cobb's description was printed in his father's religious journal, the *Christian Freeman*, in September, 1859. We make the following extract:

We next walked down to the whirlpool. The greeting here was a sad one. Two men were seeking with a telescope, the form of their brother, who slipped into the river a few days before, just above the Suspension Bridge. We had been reading their advertisement of "\$100 reward for the recovery of his body," which had been posted on the end of the bridge, and were then again deeply reminded of the fearful dangers which surrounded unceasingly those who move about this place. And here were the poor men, seeking with despairing eyes, down 300 feet into the seething whirlpools 12 feet deep, for a body that they could recognize as their brother's. They said they could see one body, but it was not his. We strained our naked eyes, but could see nothing that looked like a man. Finding that we could not be of aid here, we descended by a great multitude of stairs to the boiling cauldron. Here we leaped on to a rock which was slightly out from the shore, and sat down.

Then were we fully impressed with the solitary wildness of the spot. Now that we were almost among them, the whirlpools exposed to us their foaming rage and fury in their most frightful aspects. They mounted great circular ridges above the surface, and then scooped out the fierce waters to a distance of twelve or fifteen feet, creating vast holes, that whirled and lashed, as though furiously hungry for human bodies, and maddening with the desire to suck us down their abysmal throats. The waters that they scooped were hurled resistlessly against the northern cliffs, from whence some leaped in blind fright off toward the east, while others withered, stunned and whirling, towards the west, to be created themselves into liquid vamps, or swallowed up by the rotary twisting gulfs, which spring from the depths beneath, with a warning and an appearance instantaneous.

The grave, sombre cliffs beyond seemed to us like giants, forever keeping guard over the turbulent mass which they hold within their hollow laps. Behind us, overhanging the broad, gray, ragged precipice, which loomed up into the immense distance above. While gazing with emotions of profound veneration upon this hoary grandeur our attention was attracted toward some regular niches, hemmed like those which perforated the front walls of the old feudal castles. They were so regular in their cut that the precipice itself appeared like the front of a great feudal structure; and it seemed as though the spirit of the crags dwelt within them, and from those perforations, contemplated the wildness of the scene around, below, in solitary, deep solemnity.

For long, all that came within the range of our gaze seemed as though living; and the raging waters, which a little while before presented so frightful an aspect, now seemed like companions.

At length time compelled us to leave this most grand and beautiful spot; so we gathered ourselves carefully up to the top of the rock, and then leaped safe and sound upon terra firma, and commenced our return up the almost endless stairs. When we had mounted to about half the distance, we met one of the brothers to whom I have before alluded, who was still anxiously searching with the telescope for his brother's form. At his request we took the glass and looked up the river. One body was visible, plunging here and there in its wild course; now driven head foremost around the whirling gulfs and then shot off with almost the rapidity of lightning feet first, to again return, and again be driven and whirled in the boiling vortex. But this was not the brother. Large pieces of wood were hurled in sight, and then we saw among them—but in vain. When we left, all that had been discovered was that one body, with its trailing hair and foam-washed garments. The missing man was not seen when he fell into the river. His fate was told by the prints of feet and clothes, and of clutching fingers made in their sliding down the wet, shiny rocks, which lay one end in the water and the other on the bank. And now all the brothers wanted was to see his form once more, and give its lips the last affectionate kiss. When we parted from them, we could but ask God to comfort them and bring their sorrowing hearts into him in consolation and peaceful trust. As we passed out through the entrance gate, we saw that we had left a spot which, with its solitary wildness and impressive associations, could never be obliterated from our memory.—*Boston Transcript*.

## A Man with a Queer History.

There has just died at Charenton, near Paris, a man who had a very curious history. Thirty years ago this person, whose name was Roussot, was condemned to death at the Seine Assizes for the murder of an old gentleman, M. Demourry. The case had excited considerable interest, and the court was crowded with spectators. Among the persons standing immediately behind Roussot, who was flanked by a pair of gendarmes, was one Planchat, an employee of the *Presse* newspaper, who had somehow contrived to wiggle himself into that position without attracting notice. Scarcely had the sentence been pronounced when Planchat, moved, as he afterwards explained, by an uncontrollable impulse, passed the side of his hand over the prisoner's neck in imitation of the keen blade of the guillotine, and the same time emitting a whirling sound.

Roussot instantly fell forward with a shriek of terror, and the bystanders, indignant at this heartless and shocking act, rushed upon Planchat and roundly abused him. Planchat was subsequently condemned to two years' imprisonment. As for his victim, he never recovered the shock, but remained insane until the day of his death. He was pardoned by the Emperor, and confined, first at Bicetre, and afterwards at Charenton, where he has just expired. The unfortunate man was under the impression that he had been actually beheaded in the Palais de Justice, and when relating the story he would imitate the sound that haunted him for thirty years.

## A Tale of Treasure Trove.

About two months ago there floated through the newspapers an item to the effect that Anna Chute, a workwoman in the paper mill of the George W. Wheelwright Paper Company, at North Leominster, in this State, had found \$1,500 in a bale of paper stock which she was engaged in sorting. The money was in two treasury notes, \$1,000 and \$500, respectively, of the first issue. On tracing the matter it was found that the bale, which was mostly writing paper, was one of a lot bought in New York. There was abundant evidence in the papers that they had come from certain New York city bank, and correspondence was at once begun with that bank with a view to determining the question if the money belonged to the institution. Asked if the bank had met with any loss, the reply came that since the bank was chartered, many years ago, but one loss had occurred, and that was in the autumn of 1873, when \$1,500 had disappeared from a teller's tray, and had never been found. Suspicion had rested all these years on several of the employees of the bank. They could not be proved guilty of the peculation, nor would it have been possible for them to establish their innocence had they been charged with the robbery of the missing money. It was the hope of the officers of the bank that the money found in the paper mill could be proved to belong to the bank, as the innocence of the suspected persons would thereby be demonstrated.

It came out on making a thorough investigation, that a room used by the bank for storing account books and other nearly useless matter representing old transactions had become so crowded and crammed with the accumulation that orders had been given to the janitor to dispose of the papers that had lain there longest. Accordingly, the janitor on May 20, December 1873, the time being chosen as one when the business could be attended to most conveniently—had the papers packed up and taken away by the porters of a firm who dealt in paper stock. The books of the firm showed that this was the only stock taken in on that day, that it was immediately baled, marked, and numbered, and shipped to the mill in North Leominster. There was no longer a doubt that the money found in the mill belonged to the bank, and the notes were therefore surrendered a few days ago. The bank officers, fully appreciating all the circumstances governing the case, have rewarded the lucky finder with a gift of \$300.

Beyond the fact that the discovery of the money at the paper mill led to the release from suspicion of persons presumed to be concerned in its disappearance ten years ago, the story is of interest as an illustration of the uncertainty of law. In the case of the finding of money or other valuable property on the highway, as in the case of ships or merchandise found at sea or on a shore, the law, both state and common, is clear and well defined. It is not so clear, however, in the matter of valuable property discovered among other goods bought for a specific purpose. We believe that rulings which support the claims of both buyers and sellers are on record. A man, for instance, buys a piece of old furniture, and taking it apart discovers money. To whom does it belong, provided there is furnished no clue to the owner? In most cases the opinion would probably be that the buyer is entitled to all that the article contains. But in the incident above recorded the question of ownership, if there had been no discovery of the party who lost the money, would have been still further complicated. It would appear at first glance that a servant would have no right to valuable property found on a master's premises; that the servant, for example, would have no more claim to the possession of an article which happened to be in a bale of merchandise than he would have to the whole bale. It seems, however, that there have been rulings to the contrary. At any rate, the question of legal principle aside, the policy of enforcing a regulation that anything of value discovered by a mill hand shall be confiscated to the owner of the mill, will be denied by whoever has had much experience with employees. Such an order once issued, the mill owner would never again know of the discovery of anything valuable by one of his hands.—*Boston Transcript*.

## Weakening Floors.

A short article in the *Building and Engineering Times* on the subject of weakened floors, deals very intelligently with the harm that may be done in this direction by careless gas fitters. It is common enough, in a case where a pipe has to be laid under flooring and across joists to serve a pendant, for the pipe to be taken straight across the centre of the room, and the joists notched about an inch deep all the way. Workmen who do this never reflect on the harm they are doing to the floor, nor do they know that a notch cut out of the top of the joist will seriously weaken it. This at once becomes evident when it is known that the strength of a joist, which is a rectangular beam, is proportional to the depth squared. If, therefore, a groove one inch deep is cut across a seven-inch deal, the reduction of strength is not only one-seventh, but a great deal more, in the proportion of thirty-six to forty, or a loss of rather more than one quarter of the original strength of the beam. This somewhat startling result is due to the self-evident fact that the upper part of the joist is required to be solid, in order to resist compression, just as much as the lower portion must be capable of bearing tension; and to cut a notch in the top of it is equivalent to removing the joist to the full depth of the groove. This observation only applies to cases where the notch is cut out of the centre of the span, which is the commoner practice. There is much less objection to cutting joists close to the end and thus allowing the pipes to be laid around the room to a point where they can be run to the centre cannot be followed; the pipe may be safely passed through a hole bored in the middle of the joists. If this is not feasible, the indispensable notch may be cut right down to the middle of the joist,

and the pipe thus laid across the neutral line; the space above being afterward filled with a tight wedge which will safely transmit the compressive stress.

## Memory.

A man's memory is like his stomach. To do its best work it must have good treatment. It must neither be neglected nor overloaded. It can easily be so abused by neglect, or by irregular and unsystematic employment, as to become chiefly a cause of annoyance and discomfort; or, again, it can be so overworked and heavily taxed that it becomes practically the chief organ or agent of the entire system; every other portion dwindling in its comparison. The latter course is the great danger of those who value the help of a tenacious memory.

Both memory and stomach are valuable, not in proportion to the burdens they can carry, but in proportion to the training for their part in the work of the system as a whole; and either of them is made effective as much by what is kept from it, as by what is placed into it.

## Spelling Extraordinary.

We picked up a paper a few days since, and at the bottom of the same were these words: "Please preserve this programme," which we did, not, however, for the sake of the programme, but as a curiosity in the spelling line. The paper was an advertisement of a stereopticon entertainment, held not more than a hundred miles from Bloomfield, and within the last century. Among the subjects that were to be "presented on a large canvas, and beautifully illuminated," were the following: Death of "Able," "Rebeckah" at the well. Arrival of "Rebeckah." The "Lillies" of the field. "Resurrection" of "Jarvis" daughter. Washing the "Deciples' feet. Raising of "Lazrus." It may be sufficient to say that these programmes were not printed by the B. P. Co.; and if the above is a fair sample of what Newark printers are able to do, we wonder not that that individual is dead.

## The Champion Mean Man.

They were all sitting in Uncle Hank's grocery, talking about mean men. Presently Oliver Wilcoxen remarked: "I don't speak of this as a case of meanness, but I put it forward as an instance of careful thrift, when I say that when I ran the butcher's shop, Backus Long always used to send back his sausage skins and have them refilled."

"That was simply business shrewdness," said John Whitney. "Now, I always do those kind of things myself. For instance, it is always my custom to stop the clock, night."

"What for?" asked Stanley Westfall.

"I do it to keep it from wearing out the cogs."

"I call that rather close," said Deacon Monson. "I call that mean, but we've got a man over in Lebanon who beats that. Old Calkins over there is so mean that he skims his milk on top, and then, when no one is looking, he turns it over and skims it on the bottom."

Uncle Hank now uncrossed his legs, took a quid of fine cut, and remarked: "Gentlemen, you don't appear to be aware of the many mean things done every day in this community. I tell you there is an all killer's sight of meanness in this town."

"Who's the meanest than Old Calkins?" asked Calvin Morse.

"Why, the meanest man in this town, and none of you seem to have heard of him," said Uncle Hank. "I say the meanest man in this town, if my memory does not fail me, is old Deacon Crawford, and"

"What was the meanest thing he ever did?" asked a young fellow.

"Well, gentlemen, you may call me a liar, but it's the solemn truth. One day Deakin Crawford found a stray bung hole over around Stanley Westfall's cooper shop, and—"

"What did he do with a stray bung hole?" asked Jonas White.

"Why, gentlemen, you may call it a lie, but he didn't cut it up to Morse's cooper shop, and, handing it out, ask Gardner Morse to please give him a barrel to fit that ere bung hole. He did, by gosh!"

## Hard to Please.

"Sa sa-sa-say, sa-say, sa-say, sa-say," said the boy on the sidewalk, tossing his arms in frenzied gesticulation.

"What do you want?" asked the farmer, without pulling up.

"Wh-wh-wh-wh," shouted the boy, saying the rest with his hands as hard as he could.

"Oh, put it away," said the farmer, "you don't know how to play on it."

And still the boy ran after him, waving his arms, and shouting "Wh-wh-wh-wh," until the indignant agriculturist cut at him with his long whip. The boy dodged the blow, and once more shouted, "Wh-wh-wh-wh."

Just then the forward wheel came spinning away, the wagon came down with a bang, shooting the farmer under the near mule, which immediately began dancing upon his prostrate person, while the boy yelled out:

"Wheel's coming off!"

And the indignant agriculturist crawled from the wreck, he growled:

"Why didn't you say so an hour ago?" Somehow you never can please a farmer; he always has something to growl about.—*Burlington Hawkeye*.

A MAN who named his horse "Drummer," in the hope that he would beat time, was soon taught the error of his ways by another who named his horse "Tramp," so as to place him in a position to "beat" anything he came in sight of.

It is on record that a colored laundress, calling at the house of a new employer, said: "If you is de white oman wat lives here, I'm de culled lady wat's cum to do yer washin."

## List of Letters.

Remaining unclaimed in the Post Office at Bloomfield, N. J., on Wednesday, Oct. 24.

Bliss, Eliza Morgan, Mrs. Geo. Newton, John (painter)

Derby, I. Noll, Mrs. Anna O'Brien, James

Durning, Charles Pope, Jennie Dunbar, Celia

Harvey, W. H. Roach, George Harris, Mary (2)

Howell, Evangeline Tidrist, Matilda Holmes, Mrs. Israel Van Geison, G.

Ingold, Peter Walker, James (drug gist)

Klene, C. Wood, Alice McGowan, Katie

Knight, Rosa Any person calling for the above will please ask for "advertised" letters.

H. DODD, P. M.

## Central Dry Goods Store.

## FRAZEE, CONNET &amp; CO.,

No. 659 Broad St., Newark.

## DRESS GOODS AND CLOAKINGS!!

## LEADING LINES OF

Fine Dress Fabrics and Combinations in Silk, Velvet, and Plush.

Are now on our Counters in LARGE VARIETY, and at Popular Prices. Among them will be found

FINE WOOL COMBINATION SUITINGS At \$7.50 to \$10 per Pattern, and

Superfine Embroidered Drap d'Alma Robes.

For House or Street Wear, at \$15.00 each.

SPECIAL LINES OF French Plaids At 50c., 75c., \$1, and \$1.25 per yard, not shown elsewhere. Also

Extra Heavy Scotch Clan Plaids for Children, Extra wide, at \$1.50 per yard.

These goods should be seen to be appreciated. Sold heretofore at \$2.00.

Notice also our choice assortment of 1. Aikings in Seal S. in, Plush, Black and Gray Astrakhan, Heavy Jersey Cloths,

Mixed Cloths for Children, and Various Novelties, at Fair Prices worthy of careful attention.

MERINO UNDERWEAR For everybody, best lines in the city, also Silk and Chambray Vests for Ladies; Gloves and Hosiery in Silk and Wool.

## THE POPULAR SILK HOUSE.

## McKIRGAN BROS. &amp; LUKE,

755 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

The ladies of Bloomfield will find it to their advantage to examine our stock of FALL IMPORTATIONS of

Dress Silks, Dress Velvets, Dress Plushes, and Velveteens.

Our stock of Paris Novelties comprises all the latest Fabrics in Wool, and Silk and Wool Mixtures.

Our Mourning Department is thoroughly furnished with all the choice Black Goods the market affords.

Fancy Goods, Notions, etc., in great variety. Cloaks, Shawls, Ladies', Gent's, and Children's Underwear, and Infants' Wear.

Blankets, Comfortables, Counterpanes, and full lines of Linens, Towellings, Cotton Goods, etc., etc.,

AT NEW YORK PRICES.

## McKIRGAN BROS. &amp; LUKE,

755 BROAD ST., NEWARK, N. J.

## TO Owners of Horses.

PLEASE READ AND PRESERVE.

Your attention is respectfully solicited to the facilities we are able to offer in all cases coming under our care and attention. The senior partner of our firm, with fifty years' practical experience in the

## SHOEING OF HORSES

and Treatment of the different Diseases of Feet and Limbs, still continues to give his special attention to all cases of lameness, and feels confident that, where the trouble is amenable to treatment, he can effect a cure.

The Shoeing Department is complete in every respect, and special attention given by competent hands toward improving the gait of the horse.

The completion of our new workshops gives us facilities unsurpassed for the execution of all orders in the way of Building or Repairing of your Rolling Stock.

Please call at your convenience and examine our facilities and references.

C. L. WARD & SON, Bloomfield Ave., Bloomfield, N. J.

For Sale Low.—Bloomfield, N. J.

POTTER HOUSE, Etc., ON BAY AVENUE.

Modern House, 10 Rooms, Furnace, Range, Hot and Cold (Spring) Water, Gas, Burglar Alarm, Etc. House and Barn in complete order. Garden with Choice Fruit and Vegetables. Possession immediately. Apply to HORACE PIERSON or to D. OSBORN, 619 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

ZACHARIAS & SMITH, Oraton Hall, Newark, N. J., AGENTS FOR THE

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The American Star, American Sans-pareil, American Club, Harvard, and Shadow Bicycles, and Victor Tricycle.

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449 Broad Street, Newark.

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AT LAST.

MEAT SOLD IN BLOOMFIELD AT NEW YORK AND NEWARK PRICES.

No more carrying that everlasting, tiring, and bothersome Basket.

READ PRICE LIST.

Porter House Steak.....20 to 22c. per lb. Potatoes.....\$2.00 per bbl.

Sirloin.....18 to 20c. " " 80c. " bu.

Round.....14 to 18c. " " 24c. " pk.

Chuck.....12 to 18c. " " 20c. " "

Roast Beef.....12 to 18c. " " 35c. " "

Bolling and Corned Beef.....7 to 14c. " " 15c. " "

Hind Quarter Lamb.....15c. " " 12c. " "

Mutton.....14c. " " 18c. " "

Fore Lamb.....10c. " " 12c. " "

Mutton.....10c. " " 12c. " "

Lamb or Mutton Chops.....15 to 18c. " " 18c. " "

Stew Lamb or Mutton.....8 to 10c. " " 18c. " "

Pork.....12c. " " 18c. " "

Sausages.....10c. " " 12c. " "

Liver.....10c. " " 12c. " "

Ham, Bacon, Bologna, Head, cheese, etc. Poultry and Game in season.

Box Oysters.....\$1.25 per 100

Steaming......75 " "

Clams......60 " "

Orders called for and goods delivered free of charge. Peddling Wagon at your door every morning.

TERMS CASH.

WALTER M. HOPLER, BROAD ST., BLOOMFIELD. Three doors from Post Office.

Glenwood Ave. Market, BLOOMFIELD, N. J.

WM. J. MADISON, Proprietor.

Mr. E. B. Corby having given up the Butcher business, I invite his former customers to give me a call. I sell the BEST QUALITY OF

FRESH, CORNED, AND SMOKED MEATS.

ALSO Fruit and Vegetables Of all kinds in their season.

WM. J. MADISON, Butcher

BOYNTON & RICHARDSON, No. 94 BEEKMAN STREET, NEW YORK,

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PATENT DUPLEX FURNACE, AND EXCLUSIVE OWNERS AND MANUFACTURERS OF

Boynton's Celebrated Furnaces WITH 1883 PATENT IMPROVEMENTS.

Combining Wonderful Economy in Fuel with Enormous Heating Capacity.

Roasting and Broiling Ranges, Baltimore Heaters, &c.

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Coal delivered in all parts of Bloomfield.

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Modern House, 10 Rooms, Furnace, Range, Hot and Cold (Spring) Water, Gas, Burglar Alarm, Etc. House and Barn in complete order. Garden with Choice Fruit and Vegetables. Possession immediately. Apply to HORACE PIERSON or to D. OSBORN, 619 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

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